

160

D A P H N I S
AND
A M A R Y L L I S.

4

P A S T O R A L.

To which is prefixed,

The H Y M N of A D A M and E V E.

TAKEN FROM THE

P A R A D I S E L O S T.

Sylvestrem tenui Musam meditamus avenâ.

S A L I S B U R Y:

Printed and Sold by B. COLLINS, on the NEW-CANAL.

M D C C L X I.



P E R S O N S.

DAPHNIS,

AMARYLLIS,

} Two Lovers.

DAMON, a Shepherd.

PHYLLIS, a Shepherdess.

CORYDON, a Shepherd.

Chorus of *Nymphs* and *Shepherds*.



3. 4. 1. 3. 1. 4. 3.

Printed and Sold by B. COLLETT, in the New-Canal.

MDCCCLXXI

THE
H Y M N
OF
A D A M and E V E.
TAKEN FROM THE
P A R A D I S E L O S T.

P E R S O N S.

Chorus of *Guardian Angels.*

A D A M.

E V E.

S C E N E P A R A D I S E.

A I R.

An ANGEL.

GLORY *we sing to God on high; good Will
To future Men; and in their Dwellings, Peace.*

C H O R U S.

Glory we sing to God on high; Hallelujah.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Angel. But see from under shady arborous Roof,
The new created Pair come forth, in Sight

B

Of

Of Day-spring and the Sun. Lowly they bow,
Preparing to begin their Orisons.
Let us then cease, and hear the sacred Song.

D U E T.

ADAM and EVE.

*These are thy glorious Works, Parent of Good;
Almighty, thine this universal Frame,
Thus wond'rous fair, thyself how wond'rous then!*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Adam. Unspeakable, who sit'st above these Heavens,
To us invifible.-----Thy Works declare
Thy Goodness beyond Thought, and Pow'r divine.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Eve. Speak ye, who best can tell, ye Sons of Light,
Angels, for ye behold him.-----

A I R.

-----*Ye with Songs,
And choral Symphonies, Day without Night,
Circle his Throne rejoicing.*-----

R E C I T A T I V E.

Adam. -----Ye in Heav'n;
On Earth join all ye Creatures to extol
Him first, him last, him midst, and without End.

A I R.

*Thou Sun, of this great World both Eye and Soul,
-----Sound his Praise*

*In thy eternal Course, both when thou climb'st,
And when thou fall'st.-----Resound
His Praise, who out of Darkneſs call'd up Light,*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Eve. Ye Miſts and Exhalations-----
In Honour to the World's great Author riſe:
Riſing and falling, ſtill advance his Praise.

A I R.

*His Praise, ye Winds, that from four Quarters blow,
Breathe ſoft or loud; and wave your Tops, ye Pines.
Let every Plant in Sign of Worſhip wave.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Adam. -----Join all ye Waters to extol
Him firſt, him laſt, him midſt, and without End.

A I R.

*Fountains and ye, that warble as ye flow,
Melodious Murmurs, warbling tune his Praise.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Eve. Join Voices, all ye living Souls-----

A I R.

-----*Ye Birds,*
*That ſinging up to Heaven Gate aſcend,
Bear on your Wings, and in your Notes his Praise.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Adam. Ye that in Waters glide, and ye that walk
The Earth, and ſtately tread, or lowly creep,

A I R

(4)

A I R.

*Witness if I be silent Morn or Even
To Hill or Vale, made vocal by my Song.
Ye that in Waters glide, and ye that walk
The Earth, and stately tread, or lowly creep,
Witness if I, &c.*

D U E T.

*Hail! universal Lord: Be bounteous still
To give us only Good. And if the Night
Have gather'd ought of Evil, or conceal'd,
Disperse it, as now Light dispels the Dark.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Angel. Their Tribute of Devotion paid, they cease.
Yet let not God want Praise: Again let us,
With Raptures high, tune the celestial Song.*

Chorus of ANGELS.

Glory we sing to God on high. Hallelujah. Amen.

D A P H N I S

DAPHNIS and AMARYLLIS.
A P A S T O R A L.

O V E R T U R E.

R E C I T A T I V E.

S H E P H E R D.

YE Nymphs, ye Swains, the sweet returning Spring
Demands the Tribute of a rustic Lay.

Chorus of NYMPHS and SHEPHERDS.

*Fountains, while you glide along,
Blend your Murmurs with our Song.
Feather'd Warblers of the Grove,
Sing with us the Sweets of Love.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Damon. When Nature smiles, and every Heart exults,
Nought here approach, that may debase the Joy.

S O N G.

*Ye wanton Winds, arise and blow,
Blow hence the Sigh, the thrabbing Woe,
And plunge them in the Deep.
Such gloomy Guests but ill agree,
Where Jest and youthful Follity
Their merry Revels keep.*

C

RECI-

R E C I T A T I V E.

Phyllis, *thy* Song too give us; sweet thy Voice,
And well thou know'st the soft Sicilian Strain.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Phyllis. 'Twere hard such Favour should a Nymph refuse;
Shepherd, I grant thee thy Request----a Song.

S O N G.

*With us alike each Season suits,
The Spring has fragrant flow'rs;
The Summer, Shade; the Autumn, Fruits;
The Winter, social Hours.*

II.

*A bleating flock, an humble Cot,
Of simple Food a Store:
These are a blest uneasy Lot,
We ask the Gods no more.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Damon. 'Tis done, the tuneful Strain is done---and see
The Songstrefs fair prepares to quit the Plain.

D U E T.

*Phyllis, Phyllis, can you fly?
See me languish,
Ah! what Anguish!
Stay, O stay, or else I die.*

Phyllis. Damon, Damon, *why* not fly?
*You may languish,
Small the Anguish,
Fear not, fear not, you'll not die.*

R E C I-

R E C I T A T I V E.

Corydon. Believe me, *Damon*, that the Nymph says true,
No Fear that thou should'st die---do thou retort,
 As truly too, *No Fear that she should go.*
 Cease then your Strife, the Choral Strain resume.

Repeat the Chorus, *Fountains*, &c.

Exeunt.

Enter Daphnis and Amaryllis.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Daphnis. Hark, *Amaryllis*, how the youthful Band
 Carol their merry Song. *They* feel no Care:
 Ah! could I say the same!----But, Fairest, know,
 I soon must leave thee. Honour calls to Arms,
 And, but for thee, with Joy I should obey.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Amaryllis. The plaintiff Sounds, that inmost Nature dictates,
 Who can suppress?----I try, but try in vain.

S O N G.

*The tuneful Bird of Night, depriv'd her Mate,
 Warbling aloud laments her cruel Fate.
 Less tuneful I, tho' not less mournful, grieve:
 What Pow'r the Pains of parting can relieve?*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Daphnis. For distant Countries tho' he change his own,
 Yet shall thy faithful Shepherd never change.

S O N G

S O N G.

Mid Hope and Fear,
 Each passing Year,
 I vow a lasting Love:
 Tho' Fortune frown,
 Am still thy own,
 Resolv'd the worst to prove.
 So still the same,
 With faithful Aim
 The Needle seeks the Pole;
 Tho' Storms arise,
 Dark'ning the Skies,
 And high the Billows roll.

R E C I T A T I V E.

Amaryllis. Ah me! ah me! forsaken, hapless Maid!

D U E T.

Amaryllis. Dearest Youth } in Tears for you,
Daphnis. Lovely Nymph }
 Thus I take my last Adieu.
 Heav'n preserve thee safe from Harms,
 Safe restore thee to my Arms.

R E C I T A T I V E.

But hark! the distant Sound of Dance and Song.

(Symphony at a Distance.)

It hither tends; ah! quickly let me fly,
 Unfit to mix in Scenes of Mirth and Joy.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Nymphs and Shepherds, singing and dancing.

*See we trip it as we go,
On the light fantastic Toe.
Fleeting Figures form the Dance,
While we cross, retire, advance.*

II.

*Nymph, that lead'st the jocund Train,
Be not of thy Honours vain.
Fortune wheels; a Moment past,
Thou shalt find thyself the last.*

III.

*Nymph, now lowest in the Train,
Let not Place e'er give thee Pain.
Fortune wheels; the first shall fall,
Soon thyself shalt lead the Ball.*

End of the first Act.

A C T the Second.

SCENE a Grove.

Amaryllis alone.

R E C I T A T I V E *accompany'd.*

Hail! sacred Solitude! hail, solemn Shades!
Your Gloom well suits a melancholy Mind.
But ah! what motley Scenes the Fancy paints,
While jarring Passions rise, and rule by Turns.

D

S O N G

(10)

S O N G.

*Fond Hopes, why sooth? ye sooth in vain;
The sick'ning Mind soon sinks again.
Ye please awhile, then rapidly ye fly,
Despair, and frantic Fears your Place supply.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

But see! he comes.

Enter Daphnis.

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Daphnis. -----Tis true, my Amaryllis,
Spite of my firm Resolves, again I come.*

S O N G.

*Daphnis. Love bids the Lover stay;
Cease, Honour, cease to blame;
Soon ends the sweet Delay,
The Moment lose to Fame.
He stops, he looks, he sighs,
Then quick, as Thought, he flies.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Amaryllis. And must we, must we part, thou peerless Youth?
Tis hard---yet Heav'n so wills, we must obey.*

D U E T.

*Amaryllis. Dearest Youth } once more adieu,
Daphnis. Lovely Nymph }
Thou shalt ever prove me true.*

Enter Damon and Phyllis.

R E C I T A T I V E.

*Damon. While Joy sincere sparkles in every Eye,
Why sits that Sorrow, Daphnis, on thy Brow?*

Daphnis..

(II)

Daphnis. O *Damon!* *Amaryllis* can I leave,
And not be sad? Leave, and perhaps for ever?
Yet Honour calls, I dare not disobey.

Damon. Glorious the Call. But know, my Friend, that Peace
With Aspect mild hath hush'd the Din of War,
And bids thee now secure at Home to stay.
The joyous News I bring.---*Daph.* Joyous indeed!
Ah! see my *Amaryllis*; *Damon*, see,
What Sights it opens to the mental Eye.

S O N G.

Daphnis. See Peace descend, like Cherub bright;
See Discord sink to Shades of Night.
Ye Zephyrs, bear it thro' the Plains,
And shout for Joy, ye jolly Swains.
Why then, dispell'd thy Doubts and Fears,
Why fall, my Fair, those trickling Tears?

R E C I T A T I V E.

Phyllis. Those trickling Tears, thy *Amaryllis* sheds,
Are not of Grief, but overflowing Joy.
O! *Daphnis*, what a Change? a Moment hence
She thought thee lost---but now thou'rt ever hers.

S O N G.

Phyllis addressing the first Stanza to *Amaryllis*, the second to
Daphnis.

Sweet are the Pleasures,
Rich are the Treasures,
That succeed to Pain and Care.
So, Tempest ending,
Phæbus ascending
Rises doubly bright and fair.

S T A N Z A

STANZA II.

*Think War a Trouble,
Think Fame a Bubble,
Shun ah! shun the flutt'ring Chace.
Time still destroying,
Without enjoying,
Shadows, Phantoms, you embrace.*

RECITATIVE.

Daphnis. But see, my *Amaryllis*, see! again
The joyous Tribe approach. Joyous thyself
No longer now their social Mirth decline.

Enter Nymphs and Shepherds.

CHORUS.

Shepherds. Hail! O hail! thou genial Spring,
Destin'd thousand Joys to bring.
Dreary Winter shuns thy Sight:
Welcome, Season for Delight.

Nymphs. Rose, thy Odours round thee throw;
Zephyr, Zephyr, gently blow;
Thrush, thy native Sonnet sing,
Welcome, welcome, genial Spring.

All. Welcome, welcome, genial Spring.

Symphony of Instruments, then repeat the Chorus, *Hail! O hail!*

RECITATIVE.

Damon. Hear happy Lovers, what your Damon wishes,
Wishes, to crown your Constancy and truth.

SONG.

*May Love your tender Hours employ,
No anxious Care your Peace annoy.
The Dread of parting, cruel Pain,
Ah! may you never feel again.*

RECI-

R E C I T A T I V E.

Amaryllis. May Heav'n confirm thy pious Wish---and now
To Melody, to Mirth we give the Day.

S O N G.

*Goddeſs, Queen of ſoft beguiling,
Gently ſoothing, ſweetly ſmiling,
Hither haſte, and grace the Day.
Let * Saturnia Kingdoms proffer,
Glitt'ring Crowns and Sceptres offer,
We reject imperial Sway.
Goddeſs, Queen of ſoft, &c.
Pallas, thou in Arms delighting,
Tempt us not with Fame and Fighting,
No, the Toils the Joy o'erpay.
Goddeſs, Queen of ſoft, &c. &c.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Daphnis. This feſtal Hour had well become the Pipe
Of † *Thyrſis*, Darling of the *British* Muſe.
Come then, my Faireſt, join thy Voice, and aid
My bold Attempt, to tune his Lay ſublime.

D U E T.

Daphnis and Amaryllis.

*Sweet is the Breath of Morn; her Riſing ſweet,
With Charm of earlieſt Birds; fragrant the Earth;*

* *Saturnia*, a Name of *Juno*. The Song alludes to the Story of the Judgment of *Paris*, where *Juno* offered him *Empire*; *Pallas*, *Military Glory*; and *Venus*, *Beauty*: He preferred the laſt.

† *Thyrſis*, a Name by which *Milton*, in ſome of his Poems, calls himſelf: The Words of the Duet which follows, are taken from him.

(14)

*And bright the Gems of Heav'n. But neither Stars,
Nor fragrant Earth; nor Charm of earliest Birds,
Nor Breath of Morning, without thee is sweet.*

R E C I T A T I V E.

Damon. Shepherds and Nymphs, the fair Example follow,
Let ev'ry Pipe, let ev'ry Voice unite,
To sing the Praises of sweet Peace and Love.

Chorus of SHEPHERDS and NYMPHS.

*Hear all our Voices sounding,
Hear ev'ry Hill rebounding,
Auspicious, happy Peace.
May Love for ever reign,
Nor give the Lover Pain,
May Discord ever cease.*

F I N I S.

E R R A T U M.

In Page 7, for plaintiff Sounds, read plaintive Sounds.